

Hippa to da Hoppa

Ol' Dirty Bastard

My beats are slammin...One:My beats are slammin from the rugged programming

My man Bob Marley hey my man I'm Jammin

You could never touch the stamina, while I'm rammin the

hip-hop crowd makes me rrrah rrrah rrrah

Other MC's got flipped with the ease

Beggin me for burnt cigar, stop the music please

No, cause I'm a PRO, rap to the conVO

Make a crowd say HOE, at a strip SHOW

Represent, my name is Ason, keep calm

Rhyme's too smoky, funky like a stink bomb

Boom! Blowin up niggaz better than pullin the trigger

So you betta run for covah!

Niggaz better loosen they ass, felt the glass

A forty ounce bottle, yo yo yo yo money yo pass!

Wooh-wooh-wooh! I sweat it live

MC gonna live God? No, the nigga die

The max-imum of MC's are populating

The min-imum of those MC's are dominating

Now all and together now, to what what who?

Rhymes come stinky like a girl's poo-poo

Hippa to da hoppa and you just don't stoppa Two:Ahh shit, here I go once again

Rhymes get shitty from the time that I spend

I come old like toe fungus mold

Ask my grand-pop pop duke gave my soul

Then I came with that old Al Green shit

Saaa-die, taught me the ballisitc

I get you blurry in your eye with a high note

down, to the Brownsville, oops you got smoked

The shit I'm droppin is stinkin up your area

When I shoot it through like a messenger carrier

I keep my breath smellin like shit so I can get

FUNKY, baby I'm not havin it2X

Help master! *battle ensues*

Dragon-fist!

Horse-fist!

Bastard, I didn't know who you were

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>